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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Max Warburg's "Farewell" Speech

Poignant Illustration of Jewish Status in Hitler-land

The Paris *Tageblatt* of November 4th carried the report of a banquet given in honor of Max Warburg, senior director of the Hamburg-American Line and head of the Hamburg Banking Firm of that name. Max Warburg, together with Albert Ballin, transformed the Hamburg-American Line from a few tramp steamers into the greatest mercantile fleet in the world.

Adolph Hitler felt the Jew, Warburg, as the head of this great fleet, a thorn in his flesh. Word was sent to Hamburg that he be removed. The painfulness of this task was so keenly felt by his co-directors that it was decided to give a banquet in his honor—the idea being to act as if now, in his old age, his task being completed, Warburg would be thanked for his great services and would retire.

Assembled at the banquet table were the heads of Germany's great shipping industry and government marine officials. They were assembled to witness the downfall of the great old man of the House of Warburg.

At the beginning of the banquet Mr. Warburg asked if he might say a few words. Surprise and dismay were to be seen on the faces of the official speakers, but Mr. Warburg being the guest of honor, his request could not be refused.

Mr. Warburg arose, scanned the faces of those about him and with a smile ironical and contemptuous, said:

"Gentlemen, when I look about me, I find, kindly excuse my frankness, not a single man who has done anything of importance for the German shipping industry. The great and mighty shipping industry is primarily the work of two Jews. The one is the deceased Albert Ballin, the other is this man who has the honor of standing before you.

"It is not my habit to speak about myself, but as I know that you want to tell me something and are perhaps ashamed to say

(*Continued on page* 199)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXIV MONDAY, JANUARY 7, 1935 Number 10

OLD—YEAR—NEW

Booming, the bell,
Dolefully, clear,
Fearfully, drear,
Tolls the Year's knell.
Lightly, snow-flakes spread a whitening pall.
Tightly warp and woof weave as they fall.
So, on stories writ in smiles and tears,
Slowly Time sifts ever-living years.
Fleecy clouds fly,
Sweeping the sky.
Glinting moonlight
Quiets the night.
Thus all the past,
Brightened, tho dim,
Find we with Him,
Living and bright,
This New Year's Night.

JEROME ALEXANDER.

1934 may best be remembered, perhaps, as the year of Blood. Horrible things took place at intervals during this fateful period, not least among them a series of assassinations which shocked the world. Thus, the June 30th "purge" in Germany took the lives of ERNST RHOEM, Commander of the Storm Troops, and of KURT VON SCHLEICHER and his wife. Later, in August, came the dreadful murder of ENGELBERT DOLLFUSS, Chancellor of Austria. This was followed by the double assassination in Marseilles of KING ALEXANDER, of Yugo-Slavia, and of LOUIS BARTHOU, French Foreign Minister. Later still SERGEI KIROV, high among the great executives of Soviet Russia, was struck down in Leningrad. To these might be added ALBERT, KING OF THE BELGIANS, whose sudden and tragic fate led to rumors of assassination which to this day have never been quieted.

Of all the dead of this past year, there are none so remarkable as the statesmen and politicians who have passed on. First among these, as destined to be remembered for his decisive contact with great events, is RAYMOND POINCARÉ, pre-War President and post-War President of France. Of this man's ability and integrity, no one ever doubted; of his wisdom, many will ever doubt. With this great Frenchman should be named PHILIPPE BERTHELOT, for many years among the most useful if not most conspicuous of the rulers of the Republic. In England died the MARQUIS OF ABERDEEN, Viceroy of India and Governor-General of Canada; in Ireland, the doughty patriot, JOSEPH DEVLIN; and in Russia, the famous and feared head of the Ogpu in its most dreaded days, VIACHESLAV MENZHINSKY. Here in America we have canceled from the list of the living the beloved and rather pathetic Secretary of the Treasury, WILLIAM H. WOODIN; the Speaker of the House of Representatives, HENRY T. RAINEY; the first Secretary of Labor, WILLIAM B. WILSON; three ex-Senators, the notorious WILLIAM LORIMER, ousted from his seat for corruption, the distinguished GILBERT H. HITCHCOCK, so notable in President Wilson's administrations, and J. J. BLAINE, of Wisconsin; the forever young and immortal WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME, of New York, most famous of district attorneys; Representative EDWARD POU, remembered as chairman of the great Pou inquiry into high finance; a notable Socialist leader, A. E. SHIPLAKOFF, of New York; two of our worst political "bosses," JOHN H. MCCOVEY, of Brooklyn, and WILLIAM T. VARE, of Philadelphia; and the California Governor, JAMES ROLPH, JR., who made himself infamous as the man who endorsed and supported the hideous lynching at San José. To these may be added, as figures distinguished in the public life of their respective realms, the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, of England; PRINCE HENRY, the consort of Holland's Queen; and EMMA, the Queen-Mother of Holland. Last, as a towering figure of war and peace, soldier and then statesman, FIELD MARSHAL and PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG, of Germany!

Chief among the authors dead this past year is JACOB WASSERMANN, author of the unforgettable "World's Illusion." In England died ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, novelist, and JOHN JOY BELL, author of "Wee MacGregor." From Palestine came the news of the passing of CHIAM BIALIK, the great Hebrew poet. Our own country mourned MARY AUSTIN, OCTAVE THANET, MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT, BRAND WHITLOCK, JULIAN HAWTHORNE, MONTAGUE GLASS, and TOM MASSON. To these should be added, we think, the beloved name of ALICE HARGREAVES, not herself an author, but the immortal inspiration and heroine of "Alice in Wonderland." Also, in this place, the names of honored publishers—FRANK N. DOUBLEDAY, ROBERT H. DODD, and ALEXANDER GROSSETT. Closely akin to literature, in the sense at least that playwrights are authors, is the theatre, where losses this past year

were serious. SIR ARTHUR PINERO, one of England's greatest dramatists, died in November. Other dramatists were GERALD DU MAURIER in England, and AUGUSTUS THOMAS, PORTER EMERSON BROWNE, and MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY here in America. Among actors and actresses we note LOU TELLEGEN, MARIE DRESSLER, AMELIA SUMMERVILLE, ANDREW MACK, MARGARET ILLINGTON, STELLA MAYHEW, MAGGIE CLINE, CORSE PAYTON, HAL SKELLY, DION TITHERADGE—and one distinguished manager and producer, CHARLES B. DILLINGHAM. Literature and the theatre suggest journalism. Here the record bears the names of WILLIAM E. ABBOTT, editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*, ARTHUR WARNER, long associated with the *Nation*, and the English newspaper publisher, LORD RIDDELL. The world of art records the loss of JOHN COLLIER, English painter, CASS GILBERT, American architect, HARRISON FISHER, illustrator, and two famous cartoonists, WINSOR MCCAY and C. R. MACAULEY. Music suffered serious disaster in the deaths of SIR EDWARD ELGAR, one of our greatest modern composers, GUSTAV HOLST and FREDERICK DELIUS, distinguished English contemporaries of Elgar, SIR GEORGE HENSCHEL, singer and composer, forever to be remembered in this country as the first conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, HENRI MARTEAUX, violinist, and PHILIP HALE and H. T. PARKER, far-famed musical critics of Boston.

Religion presents a roll of notable and beloved dead. In England there passed the BISHOP OF RIPON (DR. BURROUGHS), DR. R. F. HORTON, Congregationalist leader, and STUART HOLDEN, great preacher. The American list includes BISHOP JOHN W. HAMILTON, of the Methodist church, W. D. BUCHANAN, Presbyterian fundamentalist, H. PERCY SILVER, Episcopalian, EDGAR W. WORK, Presbyterian modernist, PETER AINSLIE, apostle of the church universal, F. R. STURTEVANT, Unitarian, FREDERICK H. LYNCH, Congregationalist and peace advocate, and RABBI H. G. ENELOW, of New York. To these is to be added the name of C. W. LEADBEATER, famous with the late Annie Besant as a leader of the Theosophists. Education follows naturally after religion, and records three distinguished dead—HENRY CHURCHILL KING, long President of Oberlin, ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN, Chancellor of New York University, and the unique and beloved LEBARON RUSSELL BRIGGS, of Harvard. Among scholars and scientists we record in honor ARTHUR WEIGALL, Egyptologist, DR. BAILEY H. ASHFORD, discoverer of the cause and cure of "hookworm" disease, DR. WILLIAM H. WELCH, of Johns Hopkins, JAMES M. BALDWIN, one of the great among modern psychologists, PAUL SHOREY, Greek classicist, WILLIAM R. SHEPHERD, historian and friend of man, SIR JOHN ADAMS, educational philosopher, HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS, authority on international politics, BENJAMIN RAND, philosopher and librarian of Harvard, CLAYTON R. BOWEN, New Testament scholar, and MAYNARD SHIPLEY, physicist and philosopher. Apart, in lofty eminence, already among the immortal before death came, stands MME. PIERRE CURIE, co-discoverer of radium. In the world of social reform is found another immortal woman, CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKYAYA, "the little grandmother of the Russian revolution." Sharing something of the lustre of her glorious name are RUTH MORGAN, philanthropist, RUTH HALE, feminist, R. FULTON CUTTING, public-spirited citizen and charity leader, HUGH FRAYNE, labor leader, and WILLIAM MONROE TROTTER, outspoken and militant of his Negro race.

Trumpets call for the soldier dead! GENERAL VON KLUCK, most unhappy of all the commanders of the World War — victory in his grasp, and then lost through no fault of his own! MARSHAL LYAUTEN, French officer of memorable distinction. ADMIRAL TOGO, of Japan, to be remembered always with Blake and Nelson, as one of the most triumphant of all seamen. Our own GENERAL HUGH L. SCOTT, pacifier as well as fighter. And in the far-away fastnesses of Nicaragua, GENERAL SANDINO, patriot or bandit, according to the point of view. The year saw business men and financiers of unusual eminence disappear from the stage. Among these were MELVIN A. TRAYLOR, banker, OTTO H. KAHN, broker and opera impresario, WILLIAM E. COREY, steel magnate, and—in a different class!—the great BARON DE ROTHSCHILD, noble bearer of a noble name, bounteous benefactor of Jewish Palestine. Finally, as a miscellaneous group, of various lineage, character, and fame, we note the following—MARTIN H. LITTLETON, lawyer, WALTER WELLMAN, explorer and adventurer, COL. ARTHUR LYNCH, Irish patriot, famous for his espousal of the Boer cause in the South African War, IVY LEE, publicist, JOHN J. MCGRAW, and WILBUR ROBINSON, baseball managers and rivals, MRS. BRADLEY MARTIN, leader of New York's "400" in the dear dead days, SAM LLOYD, puzzle-maker, DAVID LAMAR, "the Wolf of Wall Street," and JOHN DILLINGER, "public enemy No. 1." Such is the roll of the dead for 1934! This roll is not as long as last year's nor does it contain so many memorable names. But it runs the usual gamut from the best to the worst, from the famous to the infamous. If we were to salute the best, we would turn to Catherine Breshkovskyaya, saint, martyr, and heroine. If we were to specify those destined longest to be remembered, through achievement or historical accident, we would list Mme. Curie, Baron de Rothschild, Raymond Poincaré, Marshal Von Hindenburg, and Admiral Togo. War still gathers lustre, and will till it is undone!

S. O. Levinson, outlawry of war advocate and champion of anti-Nazi causes, has proposed that the League of Nations should take action for the preservation of Jewish and other minority rights in Germany. He is mindful, of course, that the record of the League in the matter of minority rights in other countries is not any too encouraging. But he proposes action along lines not of temporary intervention but of permanent protection. Thus, in a telegram to the recent World Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi Council to Champion Human Rights, he called the attention of the Council to the fact that the government of the Reich, without bringing charges of crime or misdemeanor, was depriving a minority of its citizens of political and civil rights enjoyed by the majority, thereby establishing dangerous precedent, and urged the Council to bring this situation to the attention of the League of Nations, to the end of securing provisions of international law which would establish "recourse to the Permanent Court of International Justice for the protection of the rights, wherever and whenever these may be threatened." What Mr. Levinson has in mind is an international sentiment and an international law which will in due course make impossible a reign of barbarism in any part of the world. With the internal affairs of national states there can of course be no wanton interference, except in such circumstances as may offend and outrage the conscience of mankind. There are basic human rights, in other words, which belong to us all, as there are such rights here in the United States which belong to the people and cannot be abrogated under the federal system by any separate state. What these rights are, and whether or not they are being denied in any particular instance, must naturally be left to the decision of some impartial international body—and the World Court is surely just the one! In the interest of oppressed minorities, and for the furtherance of that international concert of opinion which can alone save civilization, this action should be taken.

John Elliott, able Berlin correspondent of the New York *Herald-Tribune,* has suggested that somebody ought to establish a Martin Luther Prize, on the principle of the Nobel Prize, "for the promotion and encouragement of moral courage within Germany." He points out that, since the advent of Hitler, moral courage has been a scarce article in the Reich. Even Rudolph Hess, deputy leader of the Nazis, has himself protested against "the servility" of his countrymen. Elliott now proposes that prizes be given to all Germans who, since January 30, 1933, have "dared to speak and act according to their own convictions," and that the awards be open to all Germans, regardless of race, creed, or parties—Nazis, Communists, pacifists, monarchists, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, atheists, all alike. Not many prizes would have to be given, says this well-informed correspondent, and such as were given would go mostly to the clergy. For it is the German pastors and priests who have had the courage almost alone to stand out against "der Fuehrer." First among these, says Elliott, is Karl Barth (see editorial comment in last week's UNITY)—the Martin Luther award would go fittingly to him! Next, as a prize-winner, must be named Martin Niemoeller, of Dahlen, who from the first day of the Protestant revolt has been in the forefront of the battle. We have acclaimed him more than once in these columns! Also eligible for recognition would be Bishop Hans Meiser, of Bavaria, and Bishop Theophil Wurm, of Wuertemberg. Catholics would hardly want a Martin Luther Prize, but any honor society of this kind would have to include the heroic Cardinal Faulhaber, of Munich, whose Advent sermons shook the realm. "The clergy offer a host of candidates," says Elliott—but where are the others? Hardly one to be matched with these noble religionists! Journalists have been by comparison "cringing lapdogs," to use Goebbel's own phrase. Yet two or three have dared to speak — Carl von Ossietzky, now in a concentration camp, Fritz Kelin, who lost his job for trying to report the news, and E. H. M. Welk, who was put in prison for defending the liberty of the press in his *Die Gruene Post.* Elliott names a few brave judges and lawyers, two or three political leaders, notably Ernst Thaelmann, the Communist Leader, and one musician, Wilhelm Furtwaengler. "The rest is silence!" Alas for a nation which dares not lift its voice and arm its spirit against tyranny!

We confess we find the proposed heresy trial of the Rev. J. Gresham Machen an immensely intriguing thing. Let us hasten to say that we welcome this trial in itself as little as any other. Let us add that we have no grudge against Dr. Machen, whom we profoundly admire for his intellectual genius, his vast learning, and his stalwart faith. But if we are going to have heresy trials, then, if only for the sake of variety and in the name of essential justice, this is the kind we ought occasionally to have. For Dr. Machen, as our readers will remember, is an orthodox of the orthodox. In the Fundamentalist controversy which rent the Presbyterian church some years ago, he led the extreme right wing of the distracted army. He was only less hostile to the great mass of his own conservative brethren than he was to the liberals who supported Modernism. In the final developments of the fight, Dr. Machen found it impossible to stay even in the classic and stygian shades of Princeton, and so went off and founded in Philadelphia his own seminary for the teaching of the one true Word. Here

were utter courage, unswerving fidelity to conviction, passionate, almost fanatical zeal in controversy—just the qualities that heretics on the radical left wing have always displayed. And here was the same consequence of dissension, turmoil, a divided church, and a scoffing world. Why should not the believer who refuses to conform be brought to the same trial and be visited with the same punishment as the unbeliever who refuses to conform? Of course, at bottom, we are not interested in this conformity business at all. We would have the church free for men of all faith, or of little faith. But if there must be heresy, let the conservative take his turn once in a while with the radical. Perhaps if the orthodox can be made to feel the pains of heresy, he may not be so quick to persecute his antagonists.

An Undefeated Christian

Do you care for the experience of stretching your mind? Are you willing to risk being emotionally stirred? Then read Toyohiko Kagawa's new book, "Christ and Japan," published by the Friendship Press, New York City. There are less than 140 pages and they are small. The book can be read through in one sitting. But its message, believe me, won't be taken in at one sitting. That so much of fact and hope and program could be brought together and clearly presented in such a little book would be incredible, had it not actually been done by this remarkable Kagawa.

Let me put down a few disconnected paragraphs to give a hint of what he is about:

"Is there among civilized nations one that suffers like Japan from constantly recurring natural catastrophes? . . . The earth's crust on which Tokyo stands is said to be sinking at the rate of two feet a year. The southern section of the city of Osaka is shifting several feet every year toward the sea. Unless the fiery bowels of Japan find release in volcanic eruptions, earthquakes are inevitable."

"The Japanese have had to meet the hard fact that 85 per cent of the total area of their islands is mountainous. Only 15 per cent of the land is available for agriculture. This means that for each of 5,700,000 farm families there are only two and a half acres of cultivatable land."

"Rain! rain! rain! In Osaka it rains through May, June and July. In Tokyo rains continue through September, October and November. Tokyo averages only 95 rainless days in 365. . . . This tremendous rainfall has made Japan the greatest producer of rubber shoes in the world."

"It is an arresting phenomenon that the Japanese, who until twenty years ago were a short-statured people, are in an astonishing way adding to their height. Actual measurements show that girl students have added two inches to their average height during the past fifteen years.

"Japan has more than 10,000,000 people engaged in the machine industry. It is a sad fact, however, that there are from 800 to 1,000 labor disputes every year. This is double the number of those in America.

"Four plutocratic families—Mitoni, Mitsubishi, Sumitomo and Ysuda—control from 80 to 90 per cent of the nation's wealth.

"Ninety-four per cent of Japan's people have an income of less than $620 a year, and for 84 per cent of the population the income does not exceed the exceedingly low figure of $248. The average income of the farmer family is a bare $140. For the fisher folk it is said to be only $108.

"Because of the age-long system which prevents the older son from leaving home the young men of rural Japan are robbed of a higher education. . . . The graduates of the higher schools for girls are alienated from the life of their country homes and seek their future husbands in the cities. For this reason the young men on the farms bear a bitter grudge against higher educational institutions for girls.

"During the 10-year-period, following the panic of 1920, the total indebtedness of the farmers rose to the staggering figure of $1,860,000,000. This forced the Imperial Diet in 1932 to call special sessions in order to grapple with the situation. There are, however, no signs whatever of rural recovery. As long as 5,750,000 farming families are absolutely dependent on rice raising and silk culture there is small hope of a permanent better day for rural Japan."

These topics may seem a far cry from the title Christ and Japan. But in Kagawa's view they are not. He is a passionately enthusiastic Christian, but he is also a realist. Christ seems to him to have everything to do with the precarious conditions under which the Japanese live and the dire sufferings they undergo. His chief concern is not individual salvation, but the saving of his people. That is why he is a Christian and not a Buddhist. "Unlike Buddhism," he says, "the religion of Jesus teaches not only grace for the individual; it also postulates the Kingdom of God." Perhaps it is desirable to quote the following paragraph as a whole.

"Christ is able to save not only the individual but society as well. How can society be saved? By actually realizing, through the development of the cooperative movement, the brotherhood-love and the socialized-love which Christianity in various forms conserved across a period of 1900 years. Then if we utilize on an international scale, and in the interests of

world peace, the benefits derived from such cooperative efforts, war will be definitely eliminated from the life of mankind.

The utilitarian, class conscious movements to which some of us are committed, he is convinced, will do nothing to help; they will only further impoverish society. His one hope is in a "sense of social solidarity grounded in a consciousness of redemptive love." "What a boon it would be," he cries, "if redemptive love could have free course to do its full and perfect work! The denominations would turn from minor religious issues. The churches would correlate their forces and unite in setting in motion a brotherhood movement which would express itself through cooperatives for producers, marketing, credit and consumers."

And here is a call he sends out into the world: "Money corrupts men. I do not ask for money. Send us your love. Send us men who incarnate that love. Provide buildings that will symbolize love. Let love-impelled organizations furnish support for workers. If none of these things is possible, offer up passionate prayer in our behalf." And again: "Japan has her shortcomings. Her present militaristic tendency is in that category. The world abhors this and is endeavoring to isolate her. This attempt, however, will simply drive Japan to take advantage of the chance and become more perverse. Now, above all things, the Christians of the West should show in concrete fashion the real inwardness of redemptive love."

When Kagawa was in this country a few years ago he seemed to many persons an unyielding protagonist of the Christian fundamentalist conception of life. Unyielding he is even in this book. He belongs to those whose calling and election are sure. On the basic issues he refuses to compromise. Who does not? Who *should* not? But one of Kagawa's certainties is God as the final reality and God-love—God's love of mankind and mankind's love of God—as the one source of hope in these times. It is not, however, on that account I am impelled to call attention to "Christ and Japan." What seems to me to make it of outstanding importance is the fact that in it the reader will find pictured the social plight of a great people of whom we read and hear for the most part only the worst that can be told. There are ruthless militarists and business buccaneers in Japan and it would be unrealistic to pretend that these are not a danger to mankind. But there is just as truly another Japan, hungry for social justice and for spiritual growth. The Christian Church is divided in Japan as elsewhere. Some Christians are allied with the powers of darkness and some with the powers of light. Unless I am badly in error, Kagawa speaks and works for the latter. At any rate, I can assure the reader of this little book that he will get a new insight into Japan and her struggles, whatever his final attitude may be. He will understand that Japan is divided in soul, divided by an intense struggle between the advocates of brute force and the advocates of a humane principle of living. And he will see more clearly how truly the world has become of one piece, how the problems and struggles of one country implicate others, and how the outcome will be a blessing or a curse not only in the neighborhood of the battle, but far afield where only a rumble of the conflict was heard. Perhaps it will not be useless, if, as we take sides, we recognize these facts.

Doubtless many persons would find this extraordinary book uninteresting. They are indifferent to or hopeless about the struggle of man to improve his physical and spiritual lot. But I cannot see how any believer in Christianity could fail to be greatly enlightened and stimulated by reading it; and, especially, how any minister of the Christian religion could fail to gain from it a profound renewal of faith in his calling. As to agnostics and such like—they, too, unless they are of the socially indifferent sort, will put the book down with a fresh sense of something to do.

The fact is that all of us, if we are not spiritually dead, are captured by the spectacle of heroism. Something in us responds to the man who walks up to obstacles as if they were to be overcome. And there you have Toyohiko Kagawa. He has grown to such heroic proportions meeting bigger and bigger difficulties in Japan that his figure has become visible across the Pacific.

M. C. Otto.

Jottings

The question of how much reliance can be placed in Washington releases about prosperity is beautifully answered by Paul Malon, correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*. This is what he says (italics ours!):

> The insiders (in Washington) who know what is coming believe a very favorable situation is reasonably to be expected. Not all the news will be good, but most of it will. *At least those who now are privately preparing it intend to make it good.*

Putting "Barney" Baruch and General Johnson and General MacArthur at the head of a commission to take the profits out of war is a grim and ghastly joke. If the President knows as little about economics as he does about peace, the future is pretty dark.

Before the Shelbyville (Tennessee) horror is forgotten in another latest lynching, let it be recorded that it was a *drunken* mob which swept through that town to kill and burn and destroy. It was whiskey that did the business!

After a striking decrease in automobile fatalities in 1932 and 1933, this last year, 1934, shows a sharp increase. There were 21,190 deaths (January through August) as compared with 18,040 for the same period a year ago. The reason? We quote from the *Survey:* "Undoubtedly one important factor is the increase in the number of intoxicated drivers, or those somewhat under the influence of liquor."

Hitler says that his regime is destined to last for a thousand years. Frank Simonds, in the *Atlantic Monthly,* states his belief that this regime "will not survive the winter." Is this another case of "a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, or as a watch in the night"?

In awarding the Nobel Peace Prize to Norman Angell and to Arthur Henderson, the Prize Committee was again seen at once at its best and also at its worst. J. H. H.

Eden or Canaan

Many civilizations find themselves in somewhat the same predicament today which confronted the Israelites in a certain period of their history. Faced with almost insurmountable difficulties in achieving the new land of Canaan, many turned longing eyes backward to the primitive culture of their ancestors. The salty story of Lot's wife and the worship of the golden calf are but symbols showing the racial reversion which gnawed at the vitals of this people. They had a choice between Eden and Canaan. Had they not chosen the latter, and had they not generated an almost superhuman courage, the proud history of the Jew would have been quite different.

As the dry rot of depression continues to take toll of our time-worn human institutions, and confusion reigns in the ranks of western civilization, there is again the necessity of making this choice between Eden and Canaan. A modern Eden is the individualistic effort to set up a one-man one-woman paradise which is secure from the storms of the outside world. It may be in the South Seas or it may be fenced around on Long Island. Where the gregarious pull is strong, a nudist colony may result. A Moses from Sinai today would discover that people have passed the point where they care to read about a Robinson Crusoe in a book or see a Tarzan in the movies—they want to go native in their own way.

So far as the economic side of Eden is concerned, it depends pretty much upon the system of capitalism—either the gains which came from it, or those which are still hoped for. It is to be an Eden without a serpent. There is to be plenty, and the risk of a depression crawling in symbolically on its belly is not to be tolerated. This is an Eden of the imagination, loyal to the old individualism, and buoyed up by false hopes and fictional expectations. Back in the eighties, a popular novelist named Roe wrote a story called "Driven Back to Eden" in which he solved the problem of security and happiness by having his hero take his family out of New York up the Hudson to an unoccupied farm where the fruit planted by the former owner and garden products over-balanced the loss of a barn through fire and the conveniences of city life. A modern true story along the same lines is written by Ralph Borsodi in "Flight from the City," but in this instance the father kept his job in the city and because of her European background, the mother easily made ends meet in the country. *Forum Magazine* had a story of a young couple who kept the wolf away from the door by building a house with their own hands in rural Connecticut for about a hundred and fifty dollars.

Modern Canaan lies in other direction. It is a conquest not so much against the wolf as it is against the self. It means the adoption of a new philosophy. Instead of going out to kill Indians and level trees, one would merge his life with the native and plant trees. The new Canaan is not at the other end of forty years of wilderness and the Jordan river, but geographically is wherever one happens to be. The authority back of the Tennessee Valley rehabilitation venture very early decided that non-technical men from outside the valley should not apply. The land of promise to be erected on the soil worn hillsides and the broad valleys was to be built by natives with the help of what technical and managerial assistance was necessary. The homestead section of the NRA has followed the same general plan—Arthurdale for Scotts Run miners, Beverly for the Tygart Valley people and Dayton for stranded Daytonians. As homesteaders build the new Canaan it will be indigenous to their own general locality barring natural difficulties as to soil or abruptness of topography.

Those who lean to the Eden form of society believe that the natural turn of events (or the supernatural) is on their side, and that just as the sun will tone up the body of the nudist, so prosperity will break through the clouds at last with its therapeutic smile. They refuse to put their intelligence behind the very difficult problem of building a new society. On the contrary, the Canaan folks know that the walls of old Jericho will not fall until they have been marched around, and not then, until a good stiff encounter has ensued. The old order with its disorganization may be a crumbling wall, but it is in no mood to get scared merely at the sound of trumpets. Swope plans and Owen plans may come and go, and Blue Eagles may fly and come to roost again, but in the end the people must take possession of the land and all that it contains. Leaders there are who have led us patiently, and who come pretty close to the truth, but many of them will not enter into the new day. Either they will have lost their physical drive or their spirits will have become too doctrinaire. There may be entire groups, like those of the Zionist movement, who, when the tides of nationalism and racial superiority have about spent themselves, will be thinking in terms of the chosen people. These cannot enter into Canaan.

When the Jews entered Canaan they fought desperately against becoming Canaanites. It would have meant laying aside the culture which they evolved and, in religion, bowing down before Baal. There was enough of a dissolute nature in this religion to make

it appealing, but the counsel of the wise won the day. Another problem was the nostalgia felt by some who called themselves Rechabites, who wanted to give up vineyards and cities for the roving life of the herdsman on the plain—the thing their ancestors had always done. Thus, it is apparent, that merely acquiring Canaan is not to immediately secure happiness and complete community harmony. Reports coming from the new homesteads tell of discouraging situations where people still live and move in terms of the old master-slave philosophy. They are in a new land and are glad, but they brought with them a mental baggage which might well have been left on the border had it been possible. Canaan means a new code of action which will short-circuit all the old. We have just learned to accept workers' compensation, old age pension and child labor laws, but in an ideal community these would be anachronisms. It is inconceivable that a group of people would permit the old to labor too long or the young too soon; neither would they prohibit expression of the old or the young through work when it was the natural thing to do. A man losing his hand in the line of duty would never sit with a tin cup, nor be given a huge sum of money to squander. He would be rewarded through heightened admiration and he would be adjusted to fit into life in a new niche.

And as to the matter of investments. Think of the new securities act and scores of other statutes! The only real investment a person could make would be his life. What little money he might have would go into his little neighborhood industry or his home and personal belongings. Surpluses of neighborhoods would go into government trusts to develop the new or, in a crisis, to protect the old. The simple expedient of allowing no one to profit from a given industry who didn't do some productive work in that particular industry, would save countless heartaches and much misdirected effort. Farm-factory colonies will not only solve the bread and butter problems, but by their very nature will raise the standard of public health, child and adult education, religion, and recreation. The community church (last thing to be built in the homesteads) will probably develop a new kind of religion to fit the new life. Both the Yahweh and the Baal will give way to ethical interpretations and an emotional exercise of sufficient power to convert ethics into reality.

The Israelites would never have entered Canaan had they not been driven from behind. Nor would a single homestead or river authority have been created had not conditions been critical. Eagerly, the economically disinherited possess the land. Will their brothers, the bourgeois who contentedly hum "Wagon Wheels" be as willing to pioneer when the gains in human living become apparent? Probably there will be a lost ten tribes who will lose their identity in the anonymity of city life, but the true culture of the new day will reside with those who are busy living life in an environment which is hospitable to their best interests.

HAROLD P. MARLEY.

The Negro Problem A White Problem

No single subject has called forth such a flood of books as the so-called "Negro Problem." That problem is the great national disease. Hence the seeming necessity of constantly talking about it. Sick men are forever telling of the bad state of their health; those who have good health rarely or never talk about it.

Southern writers have treated the "problem" solely from the viewpoint of their antipathies which they very frankly avow. Their treatment of the question is incredibly naive and childish. But their reasoning is not seldom matched by similar utterances of northern writers. Thus we find Dr. Robert Bean, of the University of Michigan, saying: "They (the Negroes) tend our children, and not only convey the great white plague, but worse still by intimate contact they affect the morals of the young. As washerwomen they contaminate our clothes. They are the foci of infection in any community."

These writers justify their antipathies and strive to give them a scientific setting. Thus Dr. Gardner Murphy argues that racial antipathies are a blessing to the white, a force conservative of racial integrity and the social good. (Race Problems at the South.)

It is a pleasure to turn from the pseudo-scientific and superficial treatment by southern writers to scholars like Prof. Royce, who tells us, "Our so-called race problems are merely the problems caused by our antipathies." He argues that they are traits we share with cats and dogs; "not noble phenomena but caprices of our complex nature." Prof. Thomas ("The Psychology of Race Prejudice," *American Journal of Sociology*) would trace racial antipathies to a social origin, as does Prof. Boas, calling it an expression of social conditions "that are so deeply ingrained that they assume an emotional character, and this I presume is what is meant when we call such feeling instinctive." ("Primitive Man.") Note that he refrains from assuming that race antipathies are instinctive, for he will not so dignify them.

To justify the denial to the Negro of equality of treatment, southern logic traces him back to his native habitat. As well might the denial of equality of rights to the Caucasian be based upon the supposed heritage of social characteristics common to the caveman!

The north does not understand the Negro, says the south. And we listen to what the southerner says of the Negro, and of a truth we do not understand. He makes statements that are ethically, sociologically and scientifically untrue. He does not know that these statements are untrue because his belief that the Negro, educated or uneducated, differs in every human quality from the white man. It is therefore the southerner himself who constitutes the "problem." How can we understand him if he will not make himself understood? The argument against the Negro, if there is one, should be capable of intelligible formulation.

The creed of the south regarding the Negro finds expression in crime, cruelty and callousness. The creed therefore must be false if judged by its fruits. If all that is alleged against the Negro were

true, the punitive measures accorded, the disabilities visited for these infractions, would have little justification. And when there travels along with this attitude toward the black, an obstinate determination to deprive him of every facility to rise out of his condition, the enigma is a white and not a black problem.

Southerners resent the discussion of the so-called Negro problem by writers and publicists of the north. When they do not resent it they treat it with amused tolerance as emanating from those who, because of lack of contact with the Negro, can know nothing of the question. But again we are compelled to inquire what are the concealed factors in the problem on which they remain so mysteriously silent? We have a right to resent the assumption of superior knowledge which enables the people of one section to discuss a question for the consideration of which it is asserted the thoughtful persons of another section are quite unfitted!

There is something familiar in this "argument" as recalling the same assumptions that characterized the defence of slavery in the last century. Yet how pitiful today seem these special pleadings! How utterly without standing in the court of reason! It was assumed that only those fitted to discuss the question of the rights of the Negro were those who had enslaved him, as it is now that only those qualified to render a verdict on the free Negro are those who are the authors of his condition!

It was necessary, in order to provide a justification for slavery, to invent a whole series of fictions regarding the Negro's inferiority, mental, moral and spiritual. This plea followed as a natural consequence on the Negro's subjection. It was the answer rendered by the intellect to the complainings of conscience. These fantastic inventions served as an excuse for the enforced servitude of the black. That the Negro was a source of profit to the owner, that the whole institution was based upon sordid motives, was, it must be said in justice to the South, wholly lost sight of. The economic motive is usually not vocable. But it is potent. And all the wonderful theories that sought to justify slavery were unconsciously designed to conceal the real motive. The human mind works that way. It was even gravely argued that the Negro was not a human being.

Variations of these theories of the Negro's inferiority have come down to our own time. Their origin is the same as that of the older theories which have ceased to function because they have no longer any standing in the court of reason. They are laboriously sought for as a justification for denying to the Negro the rights that are conceded to the Caucasian. We no longer take part of the product of his labor, and we generously concede that it was wrong to have done so. But because we arrogate to ourselves certain superiorities, a new set of equally fantastic notions regarding the black race, educational, economic, ethnic, must be set up. In time to come, these, like the others, will be found untenable, and will furnish examples to the student of the extremity to which human reasoning can be pushed by the arrogance of egotism.

If the Southerner's dislike of the black race can be traced to his aversion for a black skin, to ineradicable Negro traits, how comes it that the whites of the south so loved their black slaves? Ray Stannard Baker tells us that "the southern white man wants the New South and the old darky." Nothing can exceed the tender affection with which the southerner regarded his dusky associates in the years of slavery. All this is very affecting in retrospect. But what had become of his racial antipathy? It had faded to nothingness. All the Negro's objectionable qualities, of which we hear so much, seemed to have melted away in the all-absorbing fact of ownership. With this proprietary relationship went companionship, merging into loving and friendly association—social equality among the facts of economic inequality. Can we explain the enigma? Or shall we leave it to the "Nigger" hater of lynching proclivities who tells us that the Negro is a brute?

The fact that there are more Negroes in the south gives no special opportunities for the study of their characteristics. We have Negro groups here. The northerner knows them pretty well. In a casual way he has made up his mind about them. He knows them, on the whole, as faithful, law-abiding and self-respecting citizens. He could not be persuaded to draw up an indictment against them that would cover the whole race. He may not like them, but that is another question. He knows there are "bad niggers," as he would call them, but he is not so foolish as to assume that they are typical of the race. He would cheerfully concede that these bad elements are not representative.

The Negro problem, let us repeat, is really a white problem. That is, it is a problem of the relations of the white race to the blacks, and not at all of the blacks to the whites. Nearly all the confusion that has arisen in considering the question has come from regarding it in the reverse order—in assuming that the Negro problem involves something to be done by the white race for, and sometimes and more often to the Negro. What we need to realize is that the real solution depends on a new orientation—a change in our habits of thought regarding him, and a new philosophy for the old one that answers no longer.

We have made a slave of the black man, and out of the institution of slavery has arisen the product of our handiwork. That he has arisen nobly independent of many of these influences matters nothing to those who come prepared to misjudge him. The faults in him are accredited to his nature and not at all to those characteristics imposed upon him by "white supremacy." He is ignorant, they tell us, and then they exclude him from public libraries and equal facilities for education. The thing for which they condemn him they strive to perpetuate as something desirable in itself. The labor unions exclude him from active membership. They find in consequence that the black laborer is used to break the force of strikes and the demands for higher wages. Then they turn and rend him. They tell us that the Negro was given the vote before he was fit to exercise it. But the south has made but little effort to fit him for the exercise of the vote. It excludes him from many vocational activities, and then condemns him for limitations which the absence of the full range of activities must necessarily impose on mental development.

We are asked, "Did not the white man free the black?" No matter if we meted out to him two hundred years of slavery and only sixty years of

limited or partial freedom. When we climbed down off his back we were shocked to find that the Negro failed to manifest the gratitude we looked for. We have not quite got over our surprise that the more intelligent spokesmen of the race, instead of being overwhelmed with the magnanimity of the whites in renouncing their claims of ownership in men and women of the black race, took their freedom just as if it were a right inhering in them by virtue of their being part of our common humanity. Since then every assertion of race consciousness, instead of being hailed as an augury of improvement in the status of the black, has been looked upon as an impertinence.

If the Negro does not share the same rights and privileges that the white man enjoys it is idle to call him to account for a failure to fulfill his responsibilities. Indeed he cannot in such case be said to have any. If the Negro has no rights, or if some of these rights are denied, or if they be unequally shared as between white and black, he cannot be summoned for a failure to meet his obligations. The one-sidedness of the contract is too obvious. And this consideration further enforces our contention that there is no Negro problem, but solely a white problem; i. e., one of the adjustment of the whites to the black regarded as a human being and a fellow citizen.

An examination of the question in such light is necessary if we are ever to bring about satisfactory relations between the races. For we have witnessed the result of the complete domination of the Negro by the white race, of the denial to the black of all the rights and privileges enjoyed by the white man in the South. As a demonstration of the value of this policy the south should be able to point to an industrial growth and some cultural achievement. It should be able to tell us, not alone of the purity of its blood, the chivalry of the southern gentleman and the beauty of the southern women, all of which are cheerfully conceded, but it should also be able to indicate some progress in the arts. Perhaps the wholesale suppression of the legitimate aspirations of an entire race might not have been too great a price to pay if some real achievements could be indicated on the credit side of the ledger. But these pages are blank. And perhaps they constitute the most eloquent indictment of Southern policy and its treatment of the Negro.

It is indeed recognized that the backwardness of the south is due in great part to the heritage of chattel slavery. In the presence of a large population who are regarded as permanently inferior by those who rule over them and dictate their political, and in large measure their economic status, there is within the southern states an incubus of a more subtle character then chattel slavery. In the background of this conviction of a fixed superiority on which is based a variety of social and educational theories as to the relation of the races, lurk unsuspected dangers. No group of citizens can cherish exaggerated notions of their superiority and continue to practice the precepts of democracy even among their own groups and as respecting their own members. Sooner then anticipated, indeed, the Nemesis has returned to plague the south, as witness the outrages of Mer Rouge, Louisiana, and in the lumber camps of Florida, and the Ku Klux Klan the victims now being those of the white race.

The Negro is a man; he is among us. Whether assimilable or not, he is part of our community life. Whether inferior or not, is an academic question. If you believe it you will not fear to accord him equal opportunity: his inferiority, if inherent, will establish his unassimilibility, and determine the line of demarkation in social intercourse, the same as exists among differing social classes of the white race.

All evidence points to a common ancestry. The beginning and the end of civilization are therefore the same for us all. We must travel together. If we do not travel in amity, our progress will be slow, if we progress at all. Progress will be arrested wholly if there be not association in equality. For that is the law of human progress.

It is necessary therefore to re-assess the elements at our command. It is imperative that we revise existing creeds as to race prejudice, that we stifle social hatreds, and substitute for the attitude of antagonism that of friendly cooperation with all races and peoples so that we may travel together instead of pulling apart. Suppression of the Negro, curtailment of his activities, denial to him of the legitimate spurs for economic, educational and industrial development and equal opportunity will inevitably react upon the whites, just as chattel slavery did.

The north must suffer, too, in so far as it neglects to voice its protest, and in so far as it shares these reactions. We are cutting the bridges ahead of us over which our poor troubled humanity must pass to attain that ultimate destination where civilization and justice await. How shall we attain these if in our elementary relations we begin by denying them?

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

To the Outcast

When you are outcast, e'en though it be just,
My head in shame is bowed unto the dust.
When you are beaten, broken, and denied,
It is my spirit that is crucified.

I sit with you in every prison cell,
And suffer all the torments of your hell.
I am degraded when you fail to be
True to your own divine humanity.

Whatever soils your mind must grieve my heart,
Since you and I are of each other part.
We are together victims of the dance
Of life's forever changing circumstance.

However much I crave the nobler path,
With you I tread these thorny ways of wrath;
And when you come unto your bitter end,
There will I be, your understanding friend.

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

Civilization and Poverty

Whether men are one iota more civilized—viz., moral, more tolerant, more conversant with their own real interests, more aware of the remote consequences of their words and deeds—than they were in the days of the Emperor Hammurabi, of Babylon, in the twenty-second century B. C., is a moot question.

Babylon in those ancient days had minimum wage laws; the fees of professionals were rigidly fixed, malpractice and carelessness severely punished; interest and dividends were limited; idle land was confiscated and given to the citizen who would use it: nobody farmed the farmer; nobody speculated in the means of production, land; nobody paid rent.

There was chattel slavery then, but masters who ill-treated their slaves were forced to pay heavy fines to the State and indemnities to the mistreated slave. Ill, crippled and aged slaves were well cared for; the dead decently buried—all by the masters who had exploited them during their productive years. No master dared call upon the State for aid in caring for the broken and useless slaves in Babylonia.

Life for the modern laborer is different, but not better, and he is far more wretched than the slave of former times; for today the wage slave is not fed and housed by the master during his days of enforced idleness; nor does the master, who has coined the strength and blood of the modern industrial slave into gold, care for him when he is maimed or aged, nor bury him when dead. Thus the broken drudges in capitalist society must filter through the soup lines to the poor house or the prison to a felon's or pauper's grave.

Like vile spawn from the nether regions of hell the human wrecks and outcasts of modern society drag out their slow suicide, shuffling along the highways, byways and alleys—from one dead-end to another, from rebuff and insult to the speak-easy, to the lousy flop-house, to the bed under the park bench, to the marble slab in the morgue, to the dreamless dust of an unmarked and despised grave.

The very presence of these broken and misshapen slaves of capitalist society along our streets and highways is an insult to nature, an outrage against the song of the morning, against the bright sun and the green and growing things. Their withered and crooked limbs, their rags and tatters, their shifty and despairing eyes: these are a desecration of the beauties of the countryside; and the clean, upstanding trees cry shame upon them and the vile system which produced them. To these dregs of modern society civilization has been a curse, not a blessing.

During the millenniums of theocratic-feudalism certain men were born with whips in their hands, spurs on their feet, fine furniture in their castles, velvet on their backs. Kings and nobles ruled by the grace of God, by divine right through an arrangement made in heaven. In those days the great blond beasts of Europe rode in the battle's van and won their knighthood by cleaving men from pate to chin.

But, after all, it is nobler to slay a strong man with a clean blow of singing steel than to make a beast and pariah of him by the spidery manipulation of industry, finance and politics.

And it is far better for a man to die in his strength and self-respect, even though he be the victim of an assassin, than to be a witness to his own degradation—to see himself shunted onto the social scrap-heap by capitalists who can no longer sell the product of his labor at a profit; to see the stamp of want and degeneracy placed upon the faces of his children; to see his seed damned for generations by human vampires who pose as the pillars of modern society!

Having overthrown a system whose lords ruled and exploited by the grace of God, by divine right, the capitalists and industrialists of modern days had to find new dogmas to keep the laboring slaves in poverty and subjection, in order that labor might be cheap and dividends (spoils) high.

At the same time Paine was crusading in England for family endowments for the poor, in order that as many as possible could survive, the Rev. Thomas Malthus—high priest of the philosophy of force—was endeavoring to do away with all charity, arguing that the poor were unfit to survive and should be allowed to perish.

The Malthus doctrine soon permeated every corner of capitalist society and became very popular among those who were economically secure and only too eager to avoid their social responsibility in the matter of poverty—a curse which they, the beneficiaries of the competitive system, had brought upon ninety per cent of the people.

The most famous sermon preached in the late eighteenth century was by Bishop Watson, and entitled: "The Goodness of God in Creating Both Rich and Poor." Blessed are the poor, the toiling masses, said the Bishop, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven—in the sweet by and by.

To Watson's famous anti-social sermon, Thomas Paine replied:

It is wrong and blasphemous to say that God created rich and poor: He made only male and female, and He gave them the earth for their inheritance. Instead of preaching to encourage one class of men (the rich) in insolence . . . it would be better if priests employed their time to render the general condition of man less miserable than it is. Practical religion consists in doing good; and the only way of serving God is that of endeavoring to make His creation happy. All preaching that has not this for its object is nonsense and hypocrisy. . .

Whether that state which is proudly, perhaps erroneously, called civilization, has most promoted or most injured the general happiness of man, is a question that may be strongly contested. On one side the spectator is dazzled by splendid appearances; on the other, he is shocked by extremes of wretchedness; both of which it has erected. The most affluent and the most miserable of the human race are to be found in the countries which are called civilized. . .

Poverty is a thing created by that which we call civilization . . . the life of an American Indian is a continual holiday compared with that of the poor in modern society. Civilization, therefore, has operated two ways: to make one part of society more affluent, and the other more wretched, than would have been the lot of either in a natural state . . . the condition of millions is far worse than if they had been born before civilization began. . .

The earth is the common property of the human race . . . private property in the means of production, in the means of life, has dispossessed more than half the inhabitants of every nation of their natural heritage . . . and has therefore created a species of poverty and wretchedness which did not exist before.

In advocating the cause of the persons thus dispossessed—of the poor—it is a right and not a charity that I am pleading

for . . . the present state of civilization is as odious as it is unjust. . . The contrast of affluence and wretchedness is like dead and living bodies chained together."

Lay your axes to the rotten pillars of the spidery system in which you are enmeshed, friends, said Thomas Paine.

Back to the first plain path of nature, and begin anew. . . In wandering mazes lost, entrapped by church and state in a wilderness of turnpike gates, through which we have to pass by tickets from one to another. . . Every individual in the world is born therein with legitimate claims on a certain kind of property, or its equivalent.

RALPH WESTLAKE.

The Christian Message for the World Today

(By One Who Is Not Sure He Is a Christian)

When Jesus came upon the scene some nineteen hundred years ago, he faced a society in corruption. He had a message, a mission, that he died for. So sweeping were his reforms and so biting were his words that death came to him at the hands of that society in but three years. He took the short cut; he went across the grain of the social order. The advent of Jesus was a comet whose tail has shed a feeble light upon the human scene ever since. Jesus today would create more disturbance than he did then in Jerusalem; although he died for his faith, it has made little change in the basic philosophy of the world: we still are out for all we can get. In spite of our coats of civilization we are still savages. As Prof. Bundy writes in "The Religion of Jesus":

> Our world is becoming less and less suggestive as we become less and less suggestible. The pressure of the practical makes us creatures of regularity and routine. Life is plain and prosaic, and for many of us moderns it settles down to a drab, dull, dreary existence even when surrounded by comparative physical comfort. Men and things become monotonous to us. There is little in them or us to stimulate meditation concerning the Divine. And the reflections of Jesus on all the elements of human experience, according to which life is plain at no point and which learns daily lessons of the Divine, strike us as a beautiful pastoral idyll, quite possible in the sunny hills and valleys of Galilee, but out of all harmony with the din and discord of our modern industrial world. The modern mind at this point surrenders its hold on Jesus and leaves him to join that small circle of humanity's idealists and dreamers to which it feels he belongs.

And Jesus, looking out over the contemporary scene, might well echo Hamlet's words: "The world is out of joint. O cursed spite that ever I was born to set it right." But Jesus did not work that way.

For many centuries people have come together to worship after a pattern of a religion called Christianity. Every generation has believed it had its message for the world, has believed it had the truth to guide it—and perhaps it had, for messages and truths vary with the complexions of the times. Our ancestors were just as devout as we; they worshipped and were strong—they worshipped, but they evidently did not *live* in accord with their faiths. It is pointless as well as childish to hurl indictments at dead people, but if Christians through the ages had lived as they believed, the present would be sketched in different colors. The Christian message for today is the same as that which Jesus taught: love thy neighbor as thyself—only the interpretations have changed. The church has been more concerned with creeds than with credentials. It is no longer a community but an institution subject to the will of society.

Society, we have come to realize, is made up of individuals; but we do not seem to realize that institutions, which are made for, of, and by society, can rise no higher than the individual ethics and habits of they who compose them. Philosophers and reformers without end have framed pictures of Utopias and have compiled programs by which they may be achieved, but they seem to forget that "society" or "civilization" is a heterogeneous metaphor for a group of people which have in common only the will to live, and hence merely a mass of people, defying sculpture. Any reform which seeks to improve "society" by remaking its institutions is doomed ultimately to failure, for, though sympathetic followers may support it, it is trying to shape the surface of a body when the nature of the material itself does not lend itself to the configurations of the mold. It is the individual with whom the reformers must contend.

I have stated that the Christian message is to live loving your neighbor as yourself. There cannot be a Christian society until every man in it does just that. The crux of the whole situation lies in the individual's attitude toward life. What we need is not a new definition of Hell but a new Heaven on earth.

In Jung's theory of psychology he divides personalities into two general types: introverts and extroverts. The former interpret life as moving about themselves as a center; it is their reactions that they consider. The latter are the reverse: they realize themselves as just a part of the whole picture, and their reactions do not stand out as so significant to them. Likewise, there are two basic views of life, two roads down which one's philosophy may venture: one way leads to individualism or autonomy, and the other to "socialism" or social consciousness. The society of today is organized on the premises of the former, but the latter is the Christian point of view.

The individualist tries to make himself self-sufficient and independent of his environment. It inflates his ego, he becomes a "self." He looks down upon the man of whom he must request help and then pays him off condescendingly as a servant. He wants to feel that no matter what happens to the rest of the world, he has provided for his own security and the security of as much of his property as possible. Thus he need ask no quarter. Like Christophe in Haiti, he builds his castle on a high hill and guards it with heavy cannon. His ethics are his own because he has won what he possesses by struggle and he has a right to do as he chooses with his property (even if that may include his wife). His acquisitive instinct is insatiable. Thus isolating himself from the rest of men by rejecting all concern with them, he begins to worship the god he sees in the mirror, and is inordinately proud of the empire he has built. Like the fabulous Khevsurs, a strange group of people living in a little backwash of civilization but a hundred miles from a modern capital in the Caucasus, he is proud to the

point of arrogance. "On the rare occasion when any of them condescends to speak to a stranger, he announces his nationality even before he reveals his own name. The portentous silence that follows is meant to give the stranger time to recover from the impressiveness of the announcement." The individualist is known as *the* Mr. Smith.

Unfortunately, he who builds on such a philosophy is not aware, it seems, that civilizations, as well as individuals, "end by dying of boredom because the human ideal is ever changing." Life lies in intercourse and exchange; even the species is not hermaphroditic. Yet this is the end which the individualist approaches. "It is not nor it cannot come to good;" and he is doomed to strangulation by the ever-grasping fingers of his own acquisitions; to be crushed by the weight of his earthly possessions.

Opposing this view of life, this capitalism, this self-attainment and ambitiousness is the Christian theory of social-consciousness whose goal St. Augustine called the City of God. It was Pierre Louys who said that "to love is to prefer the happiness of another to that which one formerly wished for one's self." The community wherein this is practiced is too Utopian to dream about. Here a man may love his neighbor and feel no loss of self-esteem, or bear no stigma of weakness. It is a foreign land to the one mentioned by Michael Gold in "Jews Without Money" who realizes that "kindness is a form of suicide in a world based on the law of competition." Man, we must feel, is responsible not to himself nor his friends but to the social matrix in which he is set, and for whose betterment he must strive. Once a man has adopted this way of life he ceases to make his own laws, or even to be interested in laws themselves as fences in his consciousness. The stain in an immoral act is in the violation of his social *rapport* and not in the degradation of the self or the State. Thus laws and ethical questions become relative concepts too trivial to take up the time of the group.

Not that I aim to find "sermons in stones," but I was struck by the appropriateness of the thought behind the motion picture "It Happened One Night:" a spirited young heiress, in running away from her imperialistic father (the reasons don't concern us here) eventually exhausted her funds by paying people to do things for her as she always had done. The hero, to whom she tells her troubles, is provoked to speechlessness but finally breaks out something like this:

> You know what's the matter with you? You're so blamed used to *buying* your way around and getting everybody to bow down before your filthy money that now when you're broke you don't know what to do. I suppose it just never occurred to you to go up to someone and say, "Please, mister, I'm in a jam. Will you help me out?"

As I look out upon the modern scene I must confess that I become rather pessimistic. Man has lifted himself above the animal kingdom by his acquisitive individualism. It seems that the will to live is the most basic law of life. Spengler, in his "Decline of the West," points out that all cultures eventually die and are replaced by others. What makes them die? They seem suddenly to peter out; society loses interest in its achievements and becomes enervated. People *become bored with living.* Is it not quite possible that this seemingly basic urge to power carries in it the seeds of its own demise? Likewise, do I wonder about the other, the Christian way of life: remove the sense of rivalry, the challenge of competition, and again interest dies, and culture lies down to take a nap. Unless there is some element of zestfulness in the law of love (about which I know nothing because it is not in practice), both ways of life, both religions seem to end in boredom. Hence I am not so sure that I am a Christian; yet I am not discouraged, for mine "is a creed that casteth out fear, and casts it out to stay out; for you are beyond fear when you know the worst and stand up to it." (Elmer Davis: "Show Window").

In the last paragraph of Walter Lippmann's "Preface to Morals" he has this to say of the modern and mature man:

> Since nothing gnawed at his vitals, neither doubt nor ambition, nor frustration, nor fear, he would move easily through life.

Living comfortably in a capitalistic society we know little of life and have nothing immediate to fear. The Decline of the West is like a nightmare remote as the doom of the earth by collision with a comet six million years hence. If the Christian message is the salvation of society, then the Christian duty is to make us aware of the imminent disaster in the pursuit of individualism. Perhaps we do need a new definition of Hell, after all.

WALTER WEBSTER ARGOW.

I Have Seen God

I have seen God, the unbegotten One,
Whose thought is Time and whose imagination, Space;
The Mighty Maker of the universe of stars,
The earth and circling suns and moons,—
Yet meaning less to Him than colored bubbles school-boys blow,
Compared with Man, His secret dream, His last supreme desire.
Because I am a part of that great dream,
The Mighty Maker, God, reveals Himself to me;
And what my eyes behold is open to your view.
I have seen God at break of dawn and eventide,
Standing astride the earth and with a giant brush of comet-hair
Painting the firmament with the glow of creation's fire;
Or sitting quietly beneath a forest glade,
Sprinkling rainbows and star-dust on the wings of butterflies;
Or lying at ease on the breast of the sea,
His fingers lightly tapping continents afar;
Or striding across deserts and mesas and mountains,
With changing moods of tears and smiles and laughter;
Or at midnight in silent solitude dreaming,
Yea, dreaming and yearning for the comradeship of Man.
I have seen God brooding over battlefields,
Strewn with the mangled bodies of young comrades;
His face tortured with pity and compassion,
And in His eyes the agony of all the ages.
I have seen God standing before the altars of pride and greed,
In the market place and the factory and mine;
His teeth were clenched and in His hands a flaming lash.
Again I saw God, sitting by an old man's bed,
As the angel came to break the silken cord.
His cool hand smoothed a wrinkled brow,
And His smile brought response from tired eyes.
Then I heard Him whisper: "Comrade, come!
Let us go on our journey together."

E. GUY TALBOTT.

The World-Significance of Mahatma Gandhi's Movement

The significance of the great movements in India inspired by Mahatma Gandhi is much overlooked by public opinion outside India. The principles underlying those movements and the consequent development of them have the most far-reaching implication for all civilizations. The social and national evils in India have their counterpart in Europe and all over the world.

The principles which Gandhi is applying in his remedies are not new, but the application and the development is new not only in politics but in modern history. The evils in India are much more akin to our troubles in Europe than would appear on the surface. First of all he is striving for national freedom—to be free from racial domination—so are many other peoples everywhere.

In the movement against untouchability, Gandhi is using all his strength that India may free herself from the evil of caste domination. If we say "class" instead of "caste" and exploitation as well as domination, we have something familiar to us all. The third great movement in India is economic, it is opening out in a most intensive effort to defy starvation and in the end bring in economic security on its simplest lines. This problem, too, surely belongs to every nation in the world. If we would sum up the whole of this strange program in India into one comprehensive phrase, we might say that Gandhi is fighting for the life and liberty of men, without recourse to violence.

What are the racial qualities and social conditions for which the Mahatma is striving? Let us look at the moral aims in the movements I have mentioned. First and foremost the National movement implies sloughing off the servile mind and the assumption of natural human dignity. In the second place the abolition of caste-domination implies human equality and the dignity of labor. Thirdly, the development of village hand-spinning and the revival of village industries, aims at an economic security without which moral and social development is impossible. Here we have a trinity which is entirely practical—dignity, equality and security. It does not suggest a revolution, but here are the fundamentals of any true revolution.

Let me quote here an enigmatic sentence from the Mahatma, where he says he is aiming at "the development of the capacity for civil resistance so that there may never be any need for civil disobedience. Disobedience that is solely civil should never provoke retaliation."—(*Times*, Oct. 31st.)

These words are certainly difficult to interpret, but I believe that they hold the kernel of his deeply thought-out programme. In the true meaning of the term Gandhi is leading a revolution. He is the one world-leader who is facing in its entirety the world-problem of violence and war.

There is one great difference between his leadership and all others. He is the one prominent leader who bases his all on spiritual power not only in himself but in his followers. That is to say he stakes everything on the moral force of his trained non-violent revolutionary army of workers when it can be brought into being. What other leader is there who will say that we shall find most security when men having the means to arm, do not arm, or having the faith that war is wrong, refuse to fight? We are being told today the very reverse of this. We are told that war is wrong but we must have armed security behind us. Our trust in God can only shine with dry powder.

The Mahatma's plan would seem to be more like this—feed men and make their homes clean—take off their shackles and give them confidence in themselves to be men; lead them in the ways of integrity, transmute their lust of pride and war into love of duty and labor and let the truth of God breathe through them and then let them stand!

When Gandhi can do that for his Nation it will pass through the might of the British Empire as the Israelites passed through the Red Sea. When he does this for the depressed classes and the peasants and thus restores the disinherited to a sense of true manhood, the strongholds even of capitalism will fall.

The vast difference between his outlook and ours is that he really believes in moral and spiritual power as actual dynamic forces, which will do things as really as an electric current will give light and heat.

It may sound nonsense to think of revolution and then set out first to make men good, but the fact remains that any progress that man has made whether by revolution or evolution, has been gained and held by people, large masses of whom possessed certain qualities and when these qualities have been lacking the effects even of apparently successful revolution have very quickly vanished.

In all countries where liberty has been maintained over long periods there has been a stable population of probably frugal, (but not starving) hard-working, moral-living people. In short there must be whole human-beings and not slaves, in the make up of any lasting democracy. If this argument be granted it is easy to see that Gandhi is only beginning to build by laying a strong foundation. He insists on laying a foundation, better but similar in some respects to the foundation which history has already laid for some Western peoples and which they are not being careful to preserve!

Also his ultimate aim is the admitted aim of our Western religion, namely that strange spiritual faith in spiritual means that will remove mountains. Let there be no mistake this kind of faith is not sentimental nor akin to the sentimental, it is built first on bread—daily bread and daily labor and then on clean living, on courage, humility, purity and faith.

Why is it that the British Empire will yield and why will Capitalism break down before these moral qualities? It is because a military empire and the capitalist system have been built up on war and sustained by armed force and both are violent. In both these systems the moral qualities and powers are never put in the first place. The power that depends in the first and in the last resort on armed force is doomed to ultimate failure, because it shuts out the most potent dynamic in the universe, namely the non-violent spiritual power of God operating through the minds and dominating the actions of men.

EDITH HUNTER.*

*Editor, "India Bulletin," London, England.

The Study Table

A Challenge to Liberals

If UNITY were a theological magazine, we should be devoting pages to the discussion of this latest volume* by Professor Horton, who has established an enviable reputation in recent years as a scholar and teacher. We count this book the most brilliant work that he has written since his unforgettable "Theism and the Modern Mood," and by all odds the most important theological treatise of the times. It is a pity that our space does not permit of a more extended review.

In essence, Professor Horton's book is a smashing attack on liberalism—not only the liberalism of the radical Unitarian type represented by Theodore Parker and John Fiske, but also of the more conservative type represented by Horace Bushnell and George A. Gordon. In repudiating this characteristic product of nineteenth century religious thought, the author presents a thoroughgoing neo-Calvinism not far removed from the movement associated with the great name of Karl Barth. The World War and the collapse of European civilization have led not only in Europe but in this country as well, apparently, to a return to the pessimism which sees a frustrated deity and an evil world. The liberal of the last generation was superficial, overconfident, trite, in his cheerful view of man and of his progress "onward and upward forever." He neglected utterly the overwhelming fact of sin, which Professor Horton sees as "a racial disease transmitted from generation to generation." We must refashion our whole thought, he argues, in terms of an ineradicably depraved human nature which, if not forever lost, can only be saved by the redemptive grace of God, of which Christ is the chief and unique mediator. Human effort can accomplish nothing either for man or for his world. Only God can lift us from our abyss of sin.

As thus crudely stated, Professor Horton's thought may seem unconvincing. We think it basically unsound in its analysis of human nature, and by no means accurate in its presentation of the liberal mind. Nor do we find anything more rational in his thought of God and of divine grace than in old Calvin himself. But behind the book is the vast panorama of a civilization in collapse after a flight of hope loftier than any ever known before, and against this background is presented a challenge which makes the easy optimism of nineteenth century religious liberalism seem silly, if not actually sick. There is no question but what our idea of Progress, a generation ago, was nothing but a superstition, and our corresponding conception of Providence only one more chapter of mythology. Furthermore, our view of human nature was egregiously over-simplified, and our confidence in its speedy triumph a gross exaggeration. What we see today, as Professor Horton well points out, is that the problem of salvation, if we may call it such, be it in this world or in the next, is immensely more complicated and dubious than we ever dreamed at the opening of this century. To give it up, as Professor Horton does, and to fall back upon some imaginary divine agency of redemption, seems to us to be a grievous instance of intellectual and spiritual defeatism, though the author himself anticipates and denies such interpretation of his gospel. But his attitude is none the less a wholesome corrective of a liberalism which was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" not of thought but of sentimentalism.

We think this book, if read and pondered humbly, is altogether the best thing that has happened to religious liberalism in a long time. It must end complacency forever, and stir to new and creative thought. What we need is not an abandonment of liberalism, for its essential principles still stand sure, as Professor Horton himself points out with admirable candor, but a refashioning of the faith in terms of a realism adequate to meet the grim and terrible facts of a world not yet mastered by man's spirit.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"Realistic Theology," by Walter Marshall Horton. Published by Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

"The New Road to Progress"

If Dr. Frankwood Williams' "Russia, Youth, and the Present Day World,"* questioned my faith in current psychiatry and psychology, Dr. S. D. Schmalhausen in his "The New Road to Progress"† has blasted it out of the window. The preface states:

> Unless I am far gone in delusional psychosis, I think I have the right to say without violating the law of modesty or reasonableness that this work marks a turning point in the history of modern psychology and psychotherapy.

I agree. His analysis adds another dimension to all prior concepts of psychology.

Dr. Schmalhausen's exposition begins with a scholarly analysis of "The Crisis in Human Nature." The civilized mind must decide whether it will take on the burden of social maturity, or whether its ego-centric training will force man to slide into credulity and infantilism, typified by fascism.

And in this crisis, just when mankind needs individual peace of mind, events have conspired to make individual therapy practically hopeless. The central problem of our age is a bankrupt social system, precipitating incredulous amounts of psychic illness. Our capitalistic civilization is essentially ego-centric and narcissistic, begetting endless strife between human beings; no wonder we cannot find social adjustment. The very idea of adjusting people by means of mental hygiene to the "normality" of the "horror and debris of this capitalistic anarchy" is humorous, says Schmalhausen. A few wealthy individuals may obtain relief from the high priests of psycho-analysis, but the only therapy that shows any promise for the great mass of mankind is communism.

Schmalhausen dares to suggest that even our philosophic concepts, those hitherto guiltless and unsuspected metaphysical entities, especially the ones arising from religion, have been useful tools of the ruling class, products of "daring metaphysical narcissists who could not stoop to realities . . ."! "The proletarian view of reality adds a fourth dimension to the traditional (upper class) theories of reality: the dimension of social agony." This flash of insight contends that out of proletarian culture will arise a system of thought rooted in the sweat and blood of human beings, to replace a system built out of thin air by "kept metaphysicians."

Not only to individual lives, but to attempted fam-

*Reviewed in UNITY of October 29, 1934.
†The Falcon Press. 1934. $3.00. 409 pp.

ily life has our present culture brought its psychoses. "The family is the cradle of incest." Narcissism, basic to our culture, is again the significant factor. The remedy?—socializing the emotions in a communist society!

"Civilization has become a jungle of ego-centric competitors." Woman especially—even under the "New Freedom," in which woman may fight for status against man,—is strangled by the egoistic culture of capitalism, dominated by the male. The answer?

> . . The sexual problem can be solved, within wide limits, for the masses of men and women, provided society is revolutionized in the direction of *the primacy of productive work as the stabilizer of personal as well as of communal life,* a productivity that will be in its entire essence cooperative and humanistic, so that young boys and girls will be working side by side, whether in school as students or in the fields as comrades or in the offices as collaborators or in the universities as co-educators, having learned spontaneously and generously to accept one another as equals in a really vital enterprise, work-and-thought-and-play functioning within the intimate framework of a communal camaraderie.
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> * * * * *
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> When the bubbling creative energies of men and women will have been for many years dedicated to radically humanistic goals,—the ego-centric ferocity of sex desire inherent in competitive and exploitative social systems, in which the vicious anarchic blind impulses to dominance and conspicuous exhibitionism work their evil sovereignty, no longer permitted to function—sex will almost inevitably find its reasonable and dignified place, in the harmoniously socialized scheme of things . . .

Our concept of the abnormal is a dogma that should pass out with absolutes. Sanity is a social fiction, a pragmatic acquiesence, good only if it coincides with a larger, finer, category, "full-statured humanness." Obviously, therefore, we have little to judge normality by in our insane society.

The largest chapter in the book is "What Marx Can Teach Freud." The answer, inadequately epitomized is, that there is a social milieu which is fully as important as one's inherited libido or ego.

The book is, as the author states in the preface:

> . . . the first full-statured work, to my knowledge, that explains why communism is the one adequate psycho-therapy;

Therefore, it abounds in a wealth of material which cannot justly be epitomized in a review. Dr. Schmalhausen has labored faithfully for several years, and his effort is apparent. There is no expansive "padding" or circumlocution. Each paragraph is an incisive criticism or constructive proposition that carries content. His chapter on "What Marx Can Teach Freud," for example, takes up seriatim the many aspects of Freudianism and its even more numerous modifications, and shows wherein each one of them is definitely short-sighted.

While it is true that the author tends to repeat over and over again several of his propositions, for example, that psychology has a cultural dimension—he does it knowingly, and rightly, I feel; for each time he develops the proposition from a different set of data. Consequently, one who is converted (as I was) by the first half of the book does not feel as moved by the seeming repetitions of the remaining half.

Because so many of one's deepest convictions are challenged, one may have a violent tendency to throw down the book as too intemperate, "unscientific," partisan, and fanciful. What well-paid complacent professor or industrial scientist, who all his life has been sure of his own lack of bias, can bear to have suggested to him, as Schmalhausen does, that his complacency, in the face of social chaos outside his own lovely laboratory, is a manifestation of narcissism characteristic of our capitalist culture? What "pure-scientist" in the non-mathematical sciences, can bear to have his equanimity disturbed by the thought that his professed impartiality may not be consciously guided by capitalistic narcissm (self-love), but that unconsciously, as part of a system of culture, the bias is there just the same? Rash? Intemperate? Dynamite, I say!

In my own field, religion, I think the author has made a minor mistake in defining *religion* as mythical thinking that refuses to be censored by objective reality —subservience to spirits. That is more accurately *dogmatic theology,* and I would go further than he does in deprecating it. The modern concept of religion as a "co-operative or shared quest of the good life." (A. Eustace Haydon's), is unbelievably close to Schmalhausen's own ideal of "full-statured humanness." If Schmalhausen would substitute the word *theology* for the word *religion,* his analysis would readily be accepted by the modern thinkers in the field of religion.

The book as a whole is undoubtedly well-written. It was not composed in a month. Documentation shows that. Furthermore, in truly scholarly fashion, Dr. Schmalhausen has allowed no loose ends to dangle from his thesis; all are gathered together before the volume ends.

Undoubtedly, when the current literary critics find this book, it will be curtly consigned to the category of ridiculous extravagances. To me, however, it has given one of those rare flashes of insight, which in all honesty, I can not treat lightly. At any rate, I can only repeat again, that Schmalhausen has contributed in this volume a thesis which should shake the psychologic world.

EDWARD W. OHRENSTEIN.

A New Era in Religious Education

> Modern man tends more and more to live in the present. He does not disparage life nor seek to escape it. Life is his one great adventure and he seeks to make the best of it.

These words suggest the point of view, the dominant interest, which Professor MacLean fairly consistently maintains throughout "The New Era in Religious Education."*

The first part of the book, consisting of four chapters, deals with the conditions of learning, the school, its equipment, and program, in such a way as to provide an interesting and vital criticism of present methods and materials, and yet at the same time offering constructive suggestions towards the solution of the problems raised. The second part deals with five major fields of exploration which are considered as vital in the teaching of religion in childhood and youth. There is a wholesome emphasis upon the idea that religion should embrace and unify all of human experience, and that its present task is to assist mankind in solving the problems that have arisen in our social relationships. Instead of the all too frequent catalog of materials there is a stimulating discussion of principles in relation to the building of a vital curriculum and many concrete examples of their application.

While some of the suggested material is excellently discussed and evaluated in the main body of the chapters there is a tendency in some cases to include in the bibliography works widely disparate in value and point of view. In the bibliography to Chapter VII we find listed, "Faiths of Mankind" by E. D. Soper, a rather sentimental apologia for Christianity, and "The Quest of the Ages" bv Haydon, misspelled Hayden. Only in the case of the latter is there furnished a clue to the

*Angus H. MacLean, "The New Era in Religious Education," Boston, Beacon Press. 270 pp. $2.00.

point of view, when it is described as "a humanist's interpretation of the religious quest."

On the whole we find this an excellent handbook on religious education. It should prove particularly helpful to liberal churches who are at present concerned with the question of a humanistic or theistic emphasis in the church school curriculum.

J. BROGDEN.

A Victorian Pantagruel

Lord Macaulay,* who stalked majestically across the two massive tomes of George Otto Trevelyan, takes sprightlier gait in this charming vignette, done in miniature for Appleton by the deft hand of Mr. Bryant. Author of the "History"—creator of the "Essays"—apologist (almost pontiff) of liberty—these titles alone proclaim him worthy a rehearing; and a brief sketch of his life, as his latest biographer has limned it, can scarcely be out of place in an era which, while it has forgotten most of his contemporaries, still delights to read him; one is appended accordingly.

Living out his Gargantuan youth at drowsy Clapham while the epic-drama of Napoleon enacted itself on the European stage, young Tom Macaulay (finest flower of an Abolitionist family) leaped, gorged on classic literature, into youthful prose, poetry, and epigram—whence he was hoisted, via Apenden Park, to Trinity College, Cambridge. Here soon afterwards his Pan's paradise ended; the family fortune had become depleted; and the ambitious young Pantagruel must needs turn his hand to something lucrative—which he did, law and literature following suit. *Knight's Magazine* came first; and then *Edinburgh Review* claimed him for her own; in quick succession now come the marvelous essays: Milton (which made him, like Byron, famous overnight); Hallam; Southey; and many others—the latter (which pulverized the Tory poet's economics) putting him into politics. Here his Rabelaisian rhodomontades continued in speech, essay, and lyric, pouring cataracts of contempt upon the declining Tories, and exalting his beloved Whiggery, interspersed with roast beef and Yorkshire pudding devoured at midnight chimes, to the accompaniment of an unending stream of reviews: Hampden, Byron, Burleigh, Dryden, Johnson, Croker—in an *interim* sounds the jovial trumpet call of the *Armada*, preluding the *Lays*. Then India: three years of administrative recreation, and a competence—and Pantagruel bounds back to resume his parliamentary career, only to be unceremoniously bounced into retirement, wherein (1841) he settles himself with gusto to the task of devouring mountains of musty chronicles and giving out his immortal story of England. Only put aside to permit his playing an occasional interlude of *Lays* on his somewhat brassy flute (or a brief parliamentade) the *opus* occupies this Victorian Pantagruel for the remainder of his existence. Concerning that stupendously successful work—the multitudinous documents digested; the endless vistas visited; the copious cogitations on the materials thus obtained, scanty as these were; the infinite, toilsome transcribing—it is not our purpose to say much. Nor can we discuss here the vividness, color, and march of pageant prose, which stamp it for posterity; or the distorted perspective, the thousand-and-one inaccuracies, the pompous brass of periods—all of which, taken together, assure it a medium shelf in the library of history. Of more moment is it that, as Mr. Bryant observes, Macaulay "makes his readers see England as it was, and, seeing it, love it. His genius was that he saw poetry and the hidden life of the nation behind the facade of high statesmanship and the records of the great. . . . He loved the Whig cause and those who fought for it, but he loved England more."

A copious diary accompanied the latter volumes of the "History"—and from it one gets a fine view of the matured Macaulay: Pantagruel in the fullness of age and wisdom: dictator of Victorian letters; contemptuous of his contemporaries, amused by the classics as by a mantle, beneficent to his dependents and family; kindly, compassionate, quizzical, tender, of honest robustness, a bit of a prig morally (wherein he parts company with Pantagruel) but not enough to dim his Rabelaisian *joie de vivre* and his immense gusto in living itself. He enjoyed everything: his books; his family; his historical associates, Trevelyan, Sydney Smith, Victoria, Palmerston, Disraeli; his politics, even his enemies; his uproariously successful "History" his riotous verse—no less the peerage which royalty bestowed upon his declining years, over which the loss of his beloved sisters cast momentary shadow. But that splendid indomitable energy never faltered, that sunny soul remained unclouded, even at the end; and when it came, Pantagruel passed serenely into those unending shadows, to make a permanent portion of that which he had so well chronicled.

ROBERT C. SCHALLER.

*"Macaulay." By Arthur Bryant. Published by Appleton. 1933. $1.50.

Correspondence

Bleeding India

Editor of UNITY:

The proposed "constitutional reforms" for India are causing much discussion in England. The situation was explained in a recent address in Boston by Miss Madeleine Slade, daughter of a British Admiral, and for the last nine years Gandhi's devoted disciple. She said:

When the British came, India was a country with great wealth, and healthy peasantry. Of its 350,000,000 people, three-fourths are agricultural; but in India agriculture cannot be carried on during the whole year. The people needed a subsidiary occupation to follow during the months when it is impossible to work in the fields. From time immemorial, this occupation had been the making of cloth. India made all the cloth for its own wearing, and sold large quantities abroad. What they gained by agriculture, added to what they earned by cloth-making, enabled the people to live in simple comfort.

In order to make of India a great market for British cloth, the British government deliberately destroyed India's own cloth-making industry. You can read in the history books how it was done. Since then, the peasant cultivators who make up the bulk of the population have been unemployed during a part of the year. They have grown poorer and poorer, until they are chronically half starved, and have become so enfeebled that the average length of life has dropped to twenty-three and a half years. In India the average income is two pence a day; and to get even that average, you have to include the incomes of all the millionaires.

There is terrible child mortality. You have been told various fairy tales to account for this, but the great reason is poverty. There are millions of Indians who never taste milk after they are weaned. Mothers will nurse their children three and four years because they know that afterwards the children

will get only rice-water or pea-soup. There is an appalling contrast between India as she was and as she is; and the change has all come about in 150 years, under British rule. England's whole wealth and prosperity are built up on the blood of India.

Gandhi, when he made it a patriotic fashion to wear homespun, and set the Indians to spinning and weaving for it, has evidently been trying to get back for his people a portion of the well-being which they had lost under British rule. Miss Slade added:

I know whereof I speak. My father was the naval commander-in-chief. We lived in Bombay in great pomp. I saw the enormously top-heavy Indian civil service, the most extravagant and costly in the world. I saw the Viceroy living like a mighty emperor. Since then, for nine years, I have lived among the poor and have seen the destitution of the starving peasants, by whom all that pomp and luxury must be paid for. I have known the inside of life in India—both sides of it.

After hearing Miss Slade's account, we cannot wonder that the Indians are disgusted with the proposed scheme of government for their country, which has been heralded as a great advance. It gives them no real share of self-government. Moreover, the British are to control the taxes; and those who hold the purse-strings can control almost everything else. In particular, the plan seems to have been carefully arranged to prevent any interference with the draining away of India's blood. That vast country will be like the great John Ridd, in "Lorna Doone," when the doctors were bleeding him twice a week, and he was told it was the only thing that was keeping him alive. Little Ruth Huckaback came in and broke the basin. She cured him by stopping the loss of blood, and by the joy of seeing, alive and well, the wife whom he had supposed to be dead. Gandhi wishes to stop the bleeding; and meanwhile, he has given his people a vision of hope and joy.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Boston, Mass.

"Pay Checks and Bread Lines"

EDITOR OF UNITY:

Enclosed find check for $1.00 for which please send me as many numbers of UNITY of the October 1st issue as it will pay for. I want the article "Pay Checks and Bread Lines," to distribute. It is so educative, concise, clear and well written that I cannot praise it enough.

This is an article which approaches our most grievous troubles "honestly, realistically and scientifically" indeed.

Please send me these copies and let me assist a little in spreading the truth.

The elder LaFollette once said, "the people can be counted upon to act rightly if one can succeed in placing the *facts before them.*" This issue of your paper will help to do just that. Thanks for your paper, anyway, and for the *many* good things I find therein.

Washington, D. C. ADA B. SECHRIST.

"In Fifteen Years?"

Editor of UNITY:

In 1918 or 1919 Siegfried Sassoon wrote these lines:

In fifty years, when peace outshines
Remembrance of the battle lines,
Adventurous lads will sigh and—
Their hearts will kindle for the fight.

Should he have said "In fifteen years" instead of "fifty"? Can it be that already the hearts of youth again "kindle for the fight"? Or is all the talk of war we now hear, from the mouths of men who foolishly think that they will be the richer if war comes? Which?

Let us hear from youth!

HAROLD K. ESTABROOK.

Berkeley, Cal.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 182)

it, I shall allow myself to help you."

A deadly silence prevailed. Then Mr. Warburg continued:

"If you were here in my place and I in yours, I would say:

"'My dear Mr. Warburg, it is difficult for us to part from a man who together with Albert Ballin created and made great our corporation, The Hamburg-American Line. It is difficult for us to lose in you a citizen who, in the War, made such great sacrifices and rendered such service. And in addition we cannot forget that at the end of the War it was you and you alone who, out of only ruins, recreated with your energy and your money the German Shipping Industry.

"'And if we—new people here—must separate ourselves from our old co-worker, then it is our fault and not yours.'

"This it what I would say if I were in your place. However, the situation being what it is, you must now permit me to withdraw and bid you farewell, until such time when you will once again need me."

So spoke Max Warburg. Then the great banker folded his napkin, bowed coldly, and left the banquet hall.

Women to the Fore in India

In the political controversies that are gathering force round the vexed questions of the future Constitution of India, while the issues are confused and doubtful, a quiet revolution is taking place in that vast sub-continent, which has been all too little noticed in this country.

This Revolution, on peaceful and constructive lines, is being carried out by the women of India. A movement is on foot, gaining in strength every day, in which the women are showing the way to social reform and progress of every kind. They are not only challenging the Government to carry out long needed measures of reform in education, in conditions of labor and medical services, but they are arousing their own public opinion on such questions as the abolition of Child Marriage, the removal of "untouchability" and a move for communal unity.

Those who think of Indian women in terms of seclusion and subservience to their menfolk would read with astonishment a document that has recently been received. This is a manifesto and questionnaire addressed to all the candidates in the elections for the Legislatures that will shortly be taking place. It is issued by the All-India Women's Conference, the largest body of organized women in India. The manifesto declares that the Conference "ardently desires the removal of all such customs and legal, educational and social disabilities as deny to women or to any par-

ticular class or community equal opportunities and facilities for free and unfettered service and moral, material and physical advancement." The questions deal with such matters as communal unity, the abolition of child marriage, free compulsory primary education, the suppression of immoral traffic in women and children, besides others of importance for the removal of social evils. There is no doubt that the women of India are making their voice heard as never before.

The All-India Women's Conference, which has issued this challenging document, meets yearly when hundreds of its members from all over India, representative of every class and creed, gather and discuss plans for their campaign for social and educational reform.

Their Conference at the end of this year will be an outstanding occasion, and will have special interest for women's organizations in the West, for two British women leaders—Mrs. Corbett Ashby and Dr. Maude Royden—have accepted an invitation to attend as "honored guests" and they will both be leaving for India direct by air to Karachi where the conference will be held at the end of December.

It is significant that both these very busy women have felt so strongly the importance of the Conference and the call from the Women's Movement in India that they are giving up pressing personal and public claims in order to be present. Both will take with them great contributions. Dr. Royden, as a religious leader, especially in the Peace Movement, will be much respected by the Indian women while Mrs. Corbett Ashby through her work in international spheres, on the Disarmament Conference and in her leadership of large movements such as the International Women's Alliance for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship. British Commonwealth League and the Townswomen's Guilds in this country will be able to give from rich and varied experience and to place the problems that will be considered at the conference in a wide setting.

It is impossible to estimate how far reaching will be the influence of the visit of these two British women to India at this time. It will unite the women of East and West to work together for humanity. It will be a demonstration from the women of England of their admiration for the women's movement in India, and while there is now the need for a deeper understanding of the problems of that vast country as never before, the contact that our two leaders will have at the very heart of India will widen the outlook and quicken the sympathy of millions of women in our own country. It would have been difficult to have found two more well equipped and representative emissaries and the women of England will be delighted to be sending their best to India at this time.

Certain Basic Assumptions Underlying the Work of the National Recreation Association

1. Life grows by action. It is through expression, through wholehearted investment of their energies and talents that people become and continue to be buoyantly alive. The law of life is that it shall be saved by expenditure.

2. Since workers are less and less finding an outlet in industry for the adventurous and creative spirit they must increasingly learn to find that outlet in leisure time.

3. Particularly, in our complex and changing age, mental health and integration of personality demand participation and a pouring out of creative energy.

4. Play is that activity which is interesting and satisfying in itself. It is under the warm motivation of play impulses that the highest creative skills are incubated and born. These skills have a value not only in the play life but carry over into what we customarily consider the more serious and difficult aspects of life—home life, civic enterprise and industrial activities.

5. Morality involves purpose, choice, planning. These are characteristic of the freedom of leisure. Thus leisure affords tremendous character opportunity. The good life is characterized by rich and growing interests and satisfactions. Freedom, too, is associated with growing powers. Increased skill brings new powers, new controls, and leads to greater freedom.

6. Participation rather than vicarious experience is important in the realization of these values.

7. Participation in group activities trains in citizenship. The development of enjoyed play and recreational opportunities and activities can be an integral part of the development of community loyalty.

8. Appreciations are concomitants of participation. Those who are skilled in activities are more likely to appreciate real values, standards, skills and beauty.

9. Leadership is of primary importance. The leader must understand people, their desires, needs, and possibilities. He must himself possess skills or know how to secure the services of leaders representing a great variety of skills for teaching, guiding, directing. He also must be an individual of well-rounded personality and upright character, with power to influence character and personality in both children and adults.

10. A community program for recreation must include the discovery of potential interests, talents and skills, training and education in the creative use of leisure, and a wide variety of opportunities to serve the multitudinous interests—physical, social, musical, dramatic, nature, etc.—of different individuals.

11. Government, the collective agency of the people, is responsible for fostering and administering such a rich program of leisure time opportunity. With the expenses borne by the taxpayer there can be developed democratic opportunity for all to participate in a variety of desirable and rewarding activities. Such democratic provision of enriching experience to all of its citizens will help to develop loyalty toward the democratic community.

—*Joseph Lee.*

Reprinted from *Recreation.*

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